

PS
3509
U7R5
1916



RHYMES OF
OUR VALLEY



ANTHONY
EUWER



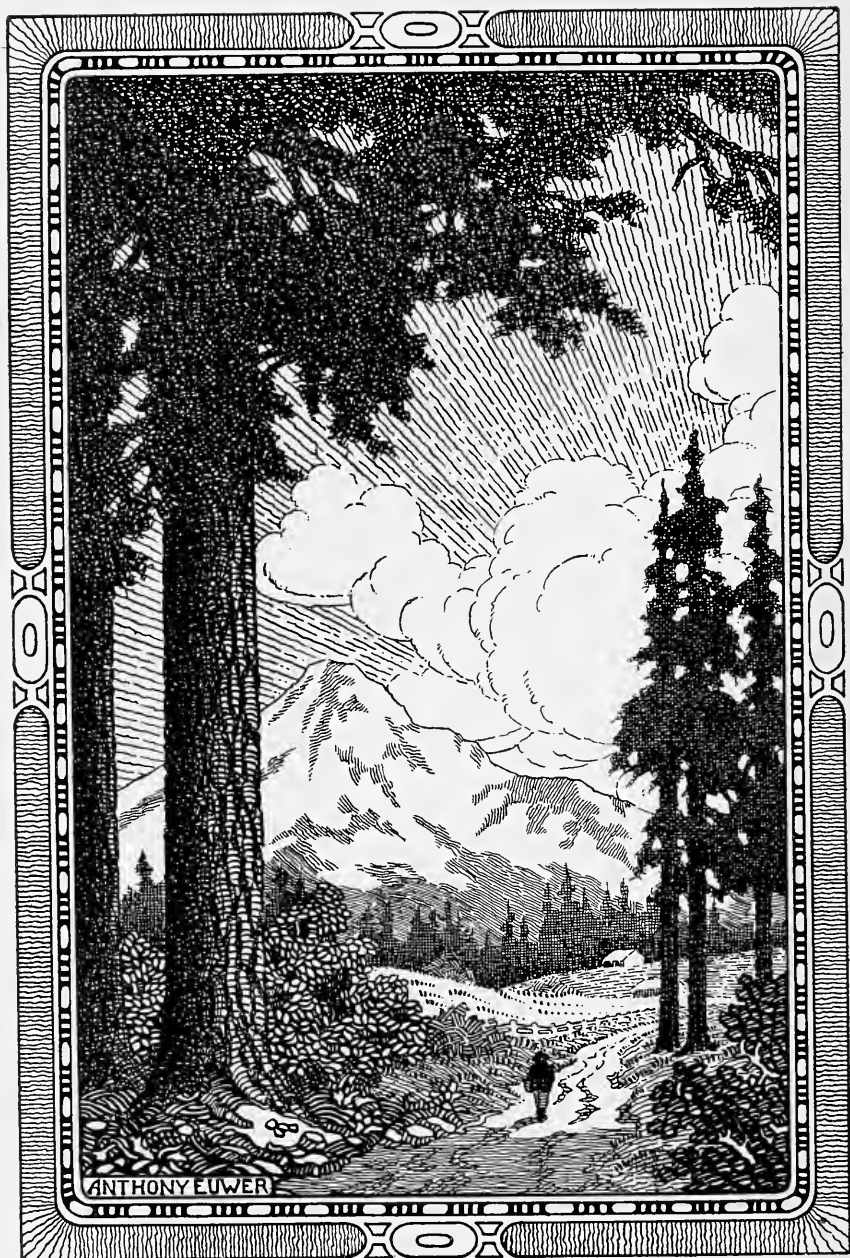
Class PSP509

Book WTR5

Copyright N^o 1916

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

RHYMES OF OUR VALLEY



RHYMES OF OUR VALLEY

BY

ANTHONY EUWER

With a Frontispiece and
Decorations by the
Author

New York
JAMES B. POND
1916

All rights reserved

75000
11/12/16

COPYRIGHT 1916
By JAMES B. POND
Published September, 1916

21

8/1/16

AUG 12 1916

©Cl.A438038

710 / 1

TO
THE PEOPLE OF
THE HOOD RIVER VALLEY

For the privilege of using some of the rhymes in "Rhymes of Our Valley," the author wishes to thank COLLIER'S, The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, LIFE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, The NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE, The NEW YORK TIMES, and the PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.



OUR VALLEY

It may be that somewhere in this wide, wide world there is a more beautiful valley than ours, but we of our valley do not think so. Out there in the Oregon country it lies, land of the Columbia, whose towering walls have been twisted and carved into moss-flecked battlements and cathedral domes. Centuries ago, if we hark to the Indian legend, the beautiful stream was spanned by a gigantic archway of stone. It was called The Bridge of the Gods. In an ill-starred moment, with a quaking of the earth, it fell and was shattered into a thousand fragments. Where it fell, the river rolls today, tumbling and sprawling over scattered bulwarks of stone. To the east of these rapids, if you look toward the South, you will see thirty miles away the snowy summit of Mount Hood in the great volcanic chain of the Cascades.

From mountain to river, enfolded in its canyon arms of Summer green, of Autumn arabesque or Winter snow, lies our valley. But yesterday it bristled with yellow pine and fir, with tamarac and cedar and chincapin, with impenetrable brush of maple, sage and willow. Today it is carpeted with rolling acres of or-



chard land, with berry-fields and little homes with rambling roofs and big, stone chimneys.

From one of these little homes you will see the sun in the early morning, gilding the dome of Mount Ranier, one hundred and twenty miles to the North. And nearer still, but sixty miles away with snows of brighter gold, rises Mount Adams, its cliffs and valleys all defined; while seven miles of upland to the South, gleam the cold white snow-drifts of Mount Hood, looking so near you could take them in a leap.

All day the song of the flume is in the fields, bearing its waters down from the glaciers and giving them out in a thousand rills to the thirsty earth. It is the antithesis of the stream, the flume, for it gives while the stream gathers. It is the artery, the stream the vein. When the day is done the great winged buzzards drop silently to rest upon the pine tree tops, the owl hoots from the timber, the full moon swings above the eastern range, and now across the clearing and over yonder on the hills, you hear the coyotes bark, bark, bark.

And this is our valley, our valley which gives to you in such abundant measure its apples of crimson and gold; valley of God's sunshine and shadow, of man's smiles and tears.



CONTENTS

RHYMES OF OUR VALLEY

THE BLOOD IN THE APPLE	13
THE SOUL OF THE AVERAGE MAN	17
AN ORCHARD-MAN'S WIFE	21
KA-ICHI	24
A DRY MOOLY IN STRAWBERRY TIME	27
OUR NOO VICTROLIE	29
AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE RAG	32
THE GAMBLERS	35
WHEN FRANCES BRINGS HER VIOLIN	39
THE GHOSTS OF MULTNOMAH	41
THE BUZZARDS	44
CEDRIC	46
THE LAST STAND	48
THE GLOMERS	50
WHEN MOUNTAIN STREAMS ARE WHITE WITH SNOW	53
DAYS OF THE YEAR	54
OBSERVATIONS	56
PLAY-FELLOW JOHN	59
WHEN THE OUTSIDE PIG GETS COLD	62
TOPSY CALF	65
THE LITTLE RUNT	68
OUR MOLLY COW	70



OUR DOG	72
MY COUSIN'S HOUSE	76
WHEN DAD GETS THE GRUMPS	78
CHORES	80
THE WAY TO BE GOOD	82
MY GROUCH	84

RHYMES AND LIMER RHYMES

THE DOODLEDOO	86
GETTIN' BORN	87
THE SAW-FISH	88
THE FISH	89
GOLDFISHES	90
MY FACE	92
THE CHIN	92
THE WAIST	93
THE HAIR	93
THE NECK	93
LONGEVITY	93
ECONOMY	94
AGILITY	94
VEGETARIAN	94
A LIMER-KICK	94
FROM THE TURKISH	95
PERSPECTIVE	95
DON'T	95
A LIMER-LEAK	95







THE BLOOD IN THE APPLE

You city folk who night and day
Loiter and stare along Broadway,
And pausing by some fruiterer's shop,
You city folk—do you ever stop
To count the cost of those radiant wares,
Spitzenburgs lucious and Anjou pears,
Winter Banana and Gravenstien,
Crimson and gold in their sun-washed sheen?
Winds of the west their cheeks have fanned
Down endless tracts of orchard land,
Each nectar drop in that golden feast
Was a drop of sweat from man and beast,
The crimson there of deep, rich hue
Had its complement in years of blue—
The blue, blue awful first long years
Of falt'ring hopes and cank'ring fears,
Of wond'ring how in the name of God
You're going to hold your piece of sod
And go without the things you need
And pay your help and buy your feed,
While it all goes out and there's nothing comes
in,
And your credit's called when you're minus tin.



You city folk, that fruit you see
It wasn't by chance, you take it from me!
Do you know what it is to clear your copse
And fell your firs with a gang of Wops,
And shoot your stumps and squatter rocks
With dynamite at five a box,
And yank your roots and fill your holes
And drive the drag to level the rolls,
While the dust and grime go filt'ring in
Each leaky pore in your swelt'ring skin,
And the fir bark splinters calmly glide
Through the holes in your mits to your hands
inside
Which gives you something to blaspheme at
When you've chisled the pitch from your hands
with "Scat"?*

Do you know what it is you city folk,
To be consecrate to the ranchman's yoke?
To wake with your hands all cramped and sore
From the clutch on your ax the day before,
Then crawl into the icy night
Two hours before you glimpse the light,
And make your way by a lantern's glow
Out through the chill and driving snow

* *A soap-salve.*



To tend and feed the beasts that live
By grace of what you choose to give.
Till dawn unfolds familiar lines
Of out-house roofs and snow-clad pines
And when the last chore's done you say
You're ready now to start the day.

Do you know what the trees have weathered
through
That bore that golden fruit for you?
Blight and mold, the dozen plagues
That fly with wings and crawl with legs.
Aphus, Weavels—marshalled in hosts
Along each bough till they give up their ghosts
In a sulphur-lime death-dealing drench
Or a Black-leaf Forty's choking stench.

Do you know the feel to find a tree
That's reached a three year's growth, and see
Its leaves all limp, its roots out clean—
'Twas gophered there in the ground unseen.
You can pull it out—no need to jerk
When the Gophers quit their ghoulish work.
At all their holes your traps are set
And some you miss and some you get,
But you might as well fish up the sea



As trap a Gopher colony,
For their dead have fathers, sisters, brothers,
Uncles, aunts and hungry mothers,
And every one of the cave-born brutes
Is horribly fond of apple-roots.
When they've gophered your tree, it's gone,
that's all,
You just forget it and plant next fall.

Eight-inch dust and five-foot snow,
You get them both where the apples grow,
Toppling hopes and cank'ring fears
To boost you along for seven years,
Blight and plague and withering frost—
Just reckon these when you count the cost
Of that wonderful fruit you saw to-day
As you stopped by the window along Broadway.



THE SOUL OF THE AVERAGE MAN

What's that you say? Am I going back?
Back—to the chaparral and the tamarack?
Why the very fact that you ask it shows
You've never been where the squaw grass grows,
Where the fir boughs try their best to hide
The snowy slopes of the mountain side,
And the ghost ridge trees all ashen-white,
Stretch their bony arms to the pale moonlight.

You say you've read of the lure, the spell—
The call of the West and all that—well,
Then here's a hope that the good God may
Show you the truth of it all some day.
Like the tiger's lust for the blood once quaffed,
Like the drunkard's thirst for the burning
draught,
Is the urge that tugs in your beating breast
When you've turned once more to the beck'ning
West.

But mightier still than its clarion call
Is the walloping bigness of it all,
And you live the days when your eye swept clear
From the slopes of Hood to old Ranier.



Canyon on canyon—rock-ribbed piles,
Rolling away for a hundred miles—
And the gold of the sunset on leaf and branch
Crowding your soul like an avalanche.
And you want to say something to someone who
Feels it and loves it as much as you;
Your horse tramps on at the close of day,
There's a surge in your heart but all you say
Is a muttered curse as you kick the stone—
“What a Hell of a place to be alone!”

There's a brand of folk who'd rather be
Just solitaires in immensity,
Who'd mortgage the rising moon until
They'd gluttoned up to their selfish fill.
But the soul, I think, of the average man
Is built on a sort of a limited plan
Which, when it's tasked to the over-much,
It somehow gropes for a hand to clutch,
And a chummy heart to understand
When you say, “Gee Kid—but isn't it grand!”

So I'm going back but not before
I've strengthened my rigging a little more.
I'm going back on the same old trip,
But when I buy that long, pink strip,
Folded and signed and stamped in blue,



I'm going to plank down the price for two,
And we'll strike straight out for the same old
trail

By the canyon's rim where the wind's a gale,
And I have a feeling that somehow she
Will likely be standing close to me,
And I'll probably say as I take her hand,
"Gee Kid, just look—but isn't it grand!"

Oh, the times I've pictured her hair blown free,
On a little cayuse by the side of me,
Jogging along through the yellow dirt
With a slouch of a hat and a khaki skirt,
And ever that ringing laugh of hers
Echoing up through the arching firs.

And that's just one of the things I see
When I'm with the Kid and the Kid's with me;
And though she's a treat in her city clothes,
With her dainty feet and her silken hose,
What tickles me most is just to stare
And think how she'll look when she gets out
there.

Yet should it chance that I had to stick
In this walled corral of iron and brick,



I fancy we'd still find joy o' nights
While the moon swung low o'er the Jersey
heights,
Or something sublime if we should go
To Central Park or a movie show—
For it's all in a life—the varied thrills,
Streets of the city or western hills.
It's all or nothing according to
The pulsing something that answers you
From the chummy heart and the little hand,
When you say, "Gee Kid—but isn't it grand!"



Nowhere is there a more diligent worker than the orchard man of the North West, unless it is the wife of the orchard man of the North West. He works so hard and becomes so soul-wearied that sometimes a kind of thoughtlessness sets in that is hard to distinguish from neglect, that slowly crushes out finer feelings until the beautiful and the heroic have become a commonplace thing.

AN ORCHARD MAN'S WIFE

From the far away East she followed him
Toward the golden dusk of the vast world's rim.
He gave her his name and she gave her life,
And they journeyed forth, the man and his wife.
Where the yellow pines and the white firs grow,
Where the lone peaks lift their eternal snow
Through drifting clouds to the great blue dome,
They took some land and they called it "home."
And they gave their days to the ceaseless toil
Which man must pay to the master soil;
The woman at home, the man in the field,
Awaiting the years of the golden yield.
Labored the man till the fading light,
Labored the woman on into the night.
And the slender hands grew thick and hard,
And the white skin dark and rough and
scarred—
The hands of the woman who followed him
Toward the golden dusk of the vast world's rim.



And she bore him children, girl and boy,
Doubling her care and doubling her joy,
Stinting along in that wonderful wise,
Counting no labour a sacrifice,
Cheering the man when his courage swayed,
When he lost his grip and grew afraid,
Bearing up often 'neath heart of lead
When better fitted to be abed.

Man of the field, is the likeness true,
Does the woman of toil belong to you?
The woman who gave up all and went
Across the breadth of a continent
To be a part of the general plan
That makes up the dream of the orchard man—
A comfortable sort of amiable chattel
Along with his trees and barn and cattle,
A splendid cook and mender of clothes
And bracer of souls when the wrong wind blows?

Weary are you when the day is through,
But what of another who's weary, too?
Does the day of a man o'ershadow quite
A woman's day and a woman's night,
The countless steps that must be made
Each fleeting hour, the tasks essayed,
The strain of simply working away



Through the constant din of children's play,
For dear as they are, these girls and boys,
The noise of a child is still a noise?

Have you reached the place where you're
satisfied

When you're dead dog-tired, to see things
slide—

Letting her do what she has to do,
Hither and thither, waiting on you?
Or are you there with a ready hand
To do what the moment may demand,
Easing her hour and making less
The pain of her with your thoughtfulness?

Man of the field, do you know the worth
Of that priceless gift of all the earth—
The love forsaking home and friend
To be with you till the journey's end?
Then look you well and harbor a care
For the wearied one whose heart you wear.
Forget her not for today and see
You forget her not in the days to be,
When the long, long lane has had its turn
And the wage has come that she helped you
earn.



The little yellow man is a factor of the North West which must be reckoned with. There is some truth in the assertion that he is oftimes disliked, not by reason of his vices but for his virtues. It is the Jap whose miraculously groomed strawberry rows call to you from the roadway, whose cabbage plants look as if they had been dusted off each morning, and whose infinite and loving care have enabled him to foster growth against a host of threatening ills. He is wise to a degree. When he buys his seed this Spring, he does not go strong on the crops which were scarce last year, for that is just what everyone else will do. He plants what was plenty and cheap last year, for that will surely be neglected now. Almost every white-man's orchard has its Jap. The following rhyme is dedicated to one Jap in particular.

KA-ICHI

Have you heard of our little Ka-ichi?

Ka-ich Watanuki the Jap?

He's hoeing down there in the berries

In khaki and white canvas cap.

Ka-ich of the pompadour bristles,

Ka-ich of the red and tan skin,

Ka-ichi the human machine-man,

The machine with the always-on grin.

All the long summer through he's been at it,

And the plunk of his hoe's never done,

Like the gleam of a heliograph

Is the glint of his cap in the sun.



The chores that Ka-ich gets away with,
And the unnumbered stunts he puts through—
Well, it tickles you silly to find
A thing now and then he can't do.

But whether it's picking or packing,
Dish-washing or doct'ring the pup,
Or splitting the kindling or scrubbing,
Unhitching or harnessing up,
Or cutting your hair—he can do it—
Or helping to get the hay in,
Just you say, "Well how goes it Ka-ichi?"
And he's there with the always-on grin.

And that Jap, would you think it, this Spring
Went shares on a crop near Mount Hood,
And when the returns came along,
He was eight hundred bucks to the good.
Gets his papers each day in the mail,
"Nippon Herald" and "Hood River Star,"
And is just as well up on the war news
As most of the rest of us are.

Gets his letters, his calls on the phone;
In short, Watanuki & Co
Is about the dogondest successful
Corporation round here that I know.



And we treat him with proper respect,
As a shining scion of his race,
'Gainst the time when our little Ka-ichi
Will be bossing the Ka-ichi place.

Fact is, if this ranch keeps on going
Behind like it's done, and the thrifty
Ka-ich on his rice keeps progressing
And salting each month a cold fifty,
Well! a telescope wouldn't be needed
Or a very unusual long head,
To see where yours truly quits ranching
To work for the Jap there instead.



A DRY MOOLY IN STRAWBERRY TIME

Picture a place where the strawberries grow
Acre on acre and row upon row;
Picture a meadow all carpeted over
With clover, just bobbing and beautiful
clover;
Picture a pedigreed Alderny beast
Browsing all day on the honey-topped feast;
Picture a mother who's willing to bake
Short-cake that only a mother can make—
Then answer me true if it isn't a crime
To have a dry mooly in strawberry time.

*In strawberry time when you like to dream
Of pouring out cream in a golden stream,
Dripping and trickling and splashing down
Over a crust of the richest brown,
Into the drooly and mottled flood
Of short-cake and sugar and strawberry
blood.*

Picture your having an automobile
In perfect condition except for one wheel;
Picture a motor-boat built for the race
Dry-docked on Sahara's unlimited space;



Picture yourself gotten up in your best
And nowhere to go to when once you were
dressed;

Picture a hammock, soft breezes, a moon,
And no sighing mortal with whom you could
spoon;

Picture ad lib—and the worst is sublime
Beside a dry mooly in strawberry time.

*In strawberry time when you like to dream
Of pouring out cream in a golden stream,
Dripping and trickling and splashing down
Over a crust of the richest brown,
Into the drooly and mottled flood
Of short-cake and sugar and strawberry
blood.*



OUR NOO VICTROLIE

Our Hank he swears no joy compares
With our "bran noo victrolie."
"Wind up the crank" now then says Hank,
"Dodblast yer melancholie!
Throw on a log there, mind the dog there,
Now let her blaze by Cracky!
Then reach yer hand up on yon stand
And hand me my tobaccie."

"Let's see, by Gee! what will it be?
Say somethin' light and airy?
Put on that long grand oprie song
By Faust and Cavalieri.
When that's ground out, best look about
For somethin' sad, by Golly!
That dum-de-dum you used to hum
From Huffman's Barcarollie."

And now our Gene starts the machine,
The records he keeps changing,
While Marion's fixed the ones he's mixed
And needs her re-arranging.
A yellow heap of dog asleep,
A snorgling in his coma,



While Hank he breathes out floating wreathes
Of "Lucky Strike" aroma.

"And now dod drat it, while yer at it,
Stick in that seven dollar 'un,
With that sextette where they all get
A-stampin' 'round and hollerin'.
Them other hits that cost six bits,
You might mix in the chowder,
Then tear off one that's got some fun
From that there Harry Lauder.

"I tell you now you must allow
It's going some by Jingoos,
To jest sit here and cock yer ear
And listen how that thing goes.
To boss yer show right frum the go,
The whole blagoned caboodle,
What strikes you most frum Hamlet's ghost
To 'Palms' and 'Yankee Doodle.'

"To think of all that high-toned gal-
blamed crowd so proud and haughty,
Like that there Shooman Hankey woman,
Carooso, Eames and Scotti,
That never knew me—no, nor you—
A plunkin' down and landin'



Right here by Gum, in our own hum
On equal social standin'.

“Now stick yer best in, Emmy Destin,
Them birds frum Pagliaggi,
Or somethin' dreamy frum Bohemie;
Don't let it git too draggy.
And when you git that through, best quit,
Heigho, I feel like dozin'—
And one more thing, run down that spring
Before you finish closin'.”



Greatest of all the trials with which the orchard man has to contend is the little pocket-gopher. His inroads are relentless. He is the arch-enemy and prince of plagues. Here and there at irregular intervals, white rags, tied to the tops of tall sticks, wave among the growing trees. Each marks the place where a gopher trap is set.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE RAG

You little velvet Devil thing,
And so you're caught at last!
You stuck your head into the hole
And snap! it held you fast.
A muffled squeak, a drop of blood,
One weak, convulsive kick,
And o'er your grave the wind will wave
A white rag on a stick.

Those tireless claws are stilled that delved
So deeply in the earth,
And once more you will pass into
The soil that gave you birth.
You did not know the harm you wrought,
You lived and digged—just so
Your fathers lived and digged who died
Ten thousand years ago.

You make your tunnels through the ground—
The law of old still stands—



You ravish and you undermine
The fairest of our lands.
Yet I'm content the good God knew
Well what he was about,
That day he shaped the destiny
You blindly follow out

With all the myriad crawling things,
Part of his universe.
Your purpose crossed with Man's and hence
It falls out you're a curse.
And he will fight you, velvet thing,
For you're beneath his ban,
And I, I hope he wins because
It happens I'm a Man.

Five years of war on every stretch
Of new-cleared orchard land,
Until each tree has garnered strength
And sinews to withstand;
Five years of Hellish energy
In endless claw-dug holes,
Five years of plot and counterplot
And damning gopher souls.

O'er every galleried battle-field
A hundred rags will wave,



And one will mark a steel trap set,
Another one a grave.
Five years of strife 'twixt Man and Beast,
A goodly price to pay,
And all because each had to live
According to his way.



THE GAMBLERS

We cleaned our berry crop today,
Just twenty crates—no more.
Some packed out five to each top row,
And the bigger ones topped four.
We shipped out twenty measly crates
Of Extra Fancy brand;
One third the yield we might have had
From a fairly decent stand.
*(And the Lord knows how we labored for
That fairly decent stand.)*

Three dust-begrimed and sun-baked miles
They hauled those twenty crates
Down to the freight car siding where
The fruit inspector waits.
He'll rip the top from two or three
And if there's nothing wrong,
He'll be less fussy with the rest
And pass the lot along.
*(He'll ease his conscience with each rip
And pass the lot along.)*

They ran a trifle small last week
And the greens he said must stop;
It's hard to get a perfect pack



Out of a Jonah crop.
And down there in Chicago
The middle-man will sell
The berries we shipped out from here,
To a bang-up, swell hotel.
(*The crates we filled with fours and fives,
To a bang-up, swell hotel.*)

There some rich chap who deals in stocks
Will very probably pay
The waiter most as big a tip
As the picker made all day,
For the stock-made man, though things go
wrong,
And best bets turn to flukes,
Lives not by dint of stint, but plays
The living game—de luxe!
(*Heeds not such trifles for he plays
The living game, de luxe!*)

He risks his gold but does not make
His body take its share,
And never plays a stake, I'll bet,
Like those red berries there.
If shifting markets cost him sleep,
At least his bed is warm—
He does not have to watch all night



To keep his stocks from harm.
(*Watch through the chill, dark, dragging hours
To keep his stocks from harm.*)

He does not have to keep alive
For five nights on the run,
The smudge-fires when the frost hangs low
From dusk till rise of sun.
He does not have to hoe for weeks
'Neath light that beats like flame,
And then find after all, the frost
Has got there just the same.
(*The death-winged frost with ice-chilled breath
That got there just the same.*)

The frost that stunted, turned to core,
The fruit you hoped to save,
The fleshless, seedy, misshaped things,
That drove you like a slave.
The broken pledges of the flowers,
All fragrant in the breeze,
In pollen time, so white they bloomed
Beneath the apple trees.
(*In pollen time, when rippling rills
Flowed 'neath the apple trees.*)

A gamble straight, that's what you take.
On yonder sloping field



The acres run about like yours,
But not like yours the yield.
They shipped out sixty crates today
Of mostly four-four rows—
Just why they didn't catch the nip,
The great Almighty knows.
(*Why you're the scape-goat, they immune,
The great Almighty knows.*)

The man who deals in stocks and wears
His smart-cut tailored suits,
And the man who irrigates his fields
In khaki and old boots,
Are gamblers both, but he who spends
His hours in dust and mud,
Stakes up against the one man's gold,
The other's flesh and blood.
(*Stakes up against his life of ease
The other's flesh and blood.*)



WHEN FRANCES BRINGS HER VIOLIN

When Frances comes to our house
We watch her coming through
The trail, and know it's Frances for
She's always dressed in blue.
We're all so glad when Frances comes
And everyone stays in,
Because we know she's going to bring
Along her violin.

When Frances comes to our house
We range ourselves around
On cushions or the hammock or
The steps or on the ground.
And then the stars they perch themselves
Above their favorite trees,
The bats, expectant, flutter round,
The crickets cross their knees.

When everybody's fixed at last
And settled in his place,
Someone says "well!"—then Frances takes
And opens up her case.
A ping, a squeak, a tightened creak,
And now beneath her chin;
Then, oh, what joy when Frances starts
To play the violin.



The "Kerry Dance" we all so love!—
Oh, sweetly flowing air—
While rhythmic'ly we just can see
Her elbow bowing there.
"Now Frances dear," says Mother in
Her arm-chair near the door,
"The 'Traumerai' you played last night
Do let us have once more."

From song to song, old melodies,
Long treasured through the years,
Unfettered now, break forth anew
Upon our list'ning ears.
Fond melodies, dear memories,
Hopes still of things to be,
Come crowding in as Frances plays
With tuneful witchery.

To "Auld Lang Syne" swift bends the bow,
Sways now to "Old Madrid,"
Till Frances takes her violin
And softly shuts the lid.
Then down the trail we make our way
By sage and chincapin,
Beneath the stars, with Frances there
'Long with her violin.



Fear of the dark—who has not had it? The dark is filled with strangeness and uncertainty, the fear that follows us however loud we whistle, however fast we walk. Our valley is a strangely fearsome place; bunch-firs drooping with long, hairy growths; bleached and twisted bony snags; up-rooted stumps, burned and black, with gorgon-heads and sprawling arms, and against them the bobbing white of elder and spirea. Anon the gloom, the pale of the moon, the scattered voices of the night—is it strange that the spirits of the past should linger here?

THE GHOSTS OF MULTNOMAH

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
Grotesque ghosts and ghosts in their shrouds,
There are ghosts in the brush and the woodland
And ghosts in the swift-moving clouds.
In this land of Multnomah they're sleeping,
They sleep while the day is still light,
But when the shades fall they go creeping,
Go stealthily, eerily creeping
Out into the shapes of the night.

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
Gray witches on galloping nags,
Fleet-foot from the Kingdom of Nowhere
Sweeping low o'er the blue mountain crags.
You can see them bear on to the Westward,
Green, garish the sky is and vast



Is the host of the storm that is nearing,
With mutter and rumble is nearing,
Till its fury is spent in the blast.

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
Their voices at night you may tell
Like the creak of a half-fallen timber
That rocks in the fork where it fell.
Or you hark to their far away moaning
As form calls to form in the gloom,
Moaning and weariful, beck'ning,
Tossing and swaying and beck'ning,
Like the dead who have gone to their doom.

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
Black, grimacing heads between pale
Diabolical skulls that go bobbing
Along on both sides of the trail.
There were stumps and white blooms of spirea
Just there where the katydid sings,
But they never are there in the star-time
And the path that I take in the star-time
Is fraught with most horrible things.

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
That tangle of mummified hair,



How it droops from the spectre that wears it,
Bent low like a wraith in despair.
There's a fir that stands there in the day-time
With bright clumps of green in the sun,
But the spirit that lurks in the moonlight,
In the haunting and dubious moonlight,
Is always a sorrowful one.

There are ghosts in this land of Multnomah,
And the living know not of their graves;
Ghosts of the tortured, of chieftains,
Of infants and terrible braves.
But I'm glad there are ghosts in this country,
Although I don't like them until
I can sit by our comfortable fireside,
By our crackling and cheery, old fireside
And shake off the creep and the chill.



THE BUZZARDS

Behind our barn a fir wood grows
And the trees are straight and tall,
And there's one that's dead and seared and
black
Looks down upon them all;
And every day when the sun sinks low
Behind the canyon's rim,
Five buzzards come and settle down
Upon its topmost limb.

And you hear no sound as they circle 'round,
Save the song of the evening breeze,
As they sink to rest 'neath the canyon's crest
And over the tall fir trees.
Since break of day they've been away
Far over the eastern range,
Where they found a dog dead by a log—
He died of the scurvy mange.

Sometimes you look at the black fir bough
And you see but one or two,
The rest they lag by a range cow's corpse—
For a month they've picked it through.
But they'll be back e'er night has come,
To watch from their black fir branch—



For nine pigs feed from the old white sow
Down there upon the ranch.

And the dying sun, it shows each one
With a head all gory bright,
As they tip and lurch on their lofty perch
In the glow of the yellow light.
Till over all, a dark'ning pall,
The evening shadows lie,
And through the gloom you see them still,
Gaunt spectres 'gainst the sky.



CEDRIC

In the tops of our whispering fir trees
Down there at the edge of our lot,
I am sure there must be an asylum
For the bird folk whose minds are distraught.
From each throat some fantastic obsession
Rings abroad with incessant refrain
In a way that now charms and now thrills you
With the plaint of a wee, feathered brain.

There is one who calls ever for "Cedric,"
Calls for "Cedric" the long summer day,
Till the soul of you grieves for the singer
Who could voice such a sorrowful lay.
And who is the "Cedric" you wonder,
Whom the lady laments in her song?
Did he die like a knight in the tourney,
Die striving to right a foul wrong?

Was he slain in some woodland arena
In the shades of a far away dell,
While the blood on his gay little breastplate
Trickled red on the moss where he fell?
Now the song of the singer is broken,
And "I did it, I did it" I hear,



In the tops of our fir boughs, "I did it"
Rings wildly, hysterically, clear.

'Tis the lilt of a soul that's done murder
And he utters his desolate cry
In the hope he may find absolution
By unburd'ning his heart to the sky.
Could it be that the one who slew "Cedric"
In that unhappy moment was he,
In the shadowy, green-vaulted chambers
Up there in the top of our tree?



THE LAST STAND

Where the woodlands halt on their mountain
march

And stand by their steep defiles,
Where their stalwart chieftains call their truce
And rest on their granite piles;
Where the ice-born rivers start to flow
Toward the maw of the hungry sea,
The outposts of the timber grow—
The clan of the dwarf pine tree.

With their roots entrenched in the creviced rock
And their limbs worn white and bare,
They've forged as near the eternal snows
As a thing that grows may dare.
And they've pitched their camp for their last
long stand
And they've flung their challenge wide,
To the blasts that wrench and the frosts that
freeze,
Nor quarter have they cried.

And their years are told by the centuries
Till you see their bleached bones lie
'Midst the alpine flowers when the Spring has
come,



All pink in the western sky.
And the Winter winds will sing their dirge,
Whom they battled fair in life,
While their comrades still will twist and toss
In the throes of their endless strife.



When the deep snows have melted and the earth is warmed with the breath of Spring, the strawberry fields take on their stripes of brilliant green. Anon they are white with blossoms and the air is heavy with their fragrance; winds and bees are diligent bearing the pollen from plant to plant. It is the promise time of the blossomy earth. For these Spring days of plenty have they been tilled and watered and tilled again the long, long summer through. Our valley is awake with new life. Camp-fires blaze in the timber, there are ripples of laughter across the clearing. From the towns along the river they have come to our valley for a holiday, the glomer boys and girls—girls who scorn not overalls nor sun nor God's free air.

THE GLOMERS

Now do you know what glomers are?
Well, spare your idle guesses,
For glomers may wear overalls
And glomers may wear dresses.
Some glomers' cheeks are pink and soft,
Some rough and tough and tan,
And the overalls a glomer wears
Don't always make the man.
For glomers may be Jims or Jacks,
Or Berthas, Janes or Marys,
And all the work a glomer does
Is just to glom the berries.
Now berries may be glomed—that's yanked—
By bending till your back



Gets warped up like a pretzel and
Begins to creak and crack;
Or by the hunker method with
Your knees stuck way down in
The earth 'until your knee-pans seem
Projecting through your skin;
Or with the cris-cross squat and lean
You hump along the rows,
But whatsoever way you try,
You quickly change your pose.
Then with your loaded carrier
You shift your low estate,
Assemble all your twisted parts
And try to stand up straight.
Then hie you to the packing house
Where Dots, Irenes and Nancys
Assort the "culls" and "snappers" from
The "plain" and "extra-fancy's."
And when you've had your ticket punched,
You know at all events,
Although you're wrecked beyond repair,
You've made your seven cents.
So much for glomers in the day
And so much for their troubles!
When evening comes a glomer's woes
Are mostly empty bubbles.



DAYS OF THE YEAR

The colors I love are as sands of the sea,
But these are a few that are dear to me:
The green of the moon as it climbs on high
At the end of the day through a lavender sky;
The cliffs of our canyon all ablaze
With copper and gold in the sun's last rays,
That turn to a shimmering pink the rills
In the wet, brown soil of our strawberry hills;
The pale ash-white of the dead, ghost pines,
The orange and amber of maple vines,
The purple of lupin—and back of all
The wonderful haze of a canyon wall.
The green of an old frog pond I love,
Glimpsing the blue from the sky above;
The flash that is flung from golden sheaves
And the amethyst glow of cabbage leaves;
The rustle of silver when poplars shake
And the myriad hues of a coiling snake.

The sounds that I love are as days in the year,
But these are a few that I joy to hear:
The song of the flume as it ceaselessly sings,
The whirr and the flutter of pheasants' wings;
The softly-voiced sigh that just barely tells half
Of the mother-cow's love for her newly born calf;



The peep of a chick as it pecks away
Through its shell-walled home to the light of
day;

The infinite peace of a tabby's purr,
The chunk of the ax driving home in the fir,
The split and the crackling, the deaf'ning sound
Of the echoing crash when it hits the ground.

The odours I love are as drops in a well,
But these are a few that I joy to smell:
The elders that bob at the turn of our lane,
The mint by the meadow-path after a rain;
The raspberries dangling red-ripe in the sun,
The flowers tame or wild, are a joy every one;
The incense of balsam, of new earth up-turned,
The smoke in the night-wind when pitch stumps
are burned.

Color and sound and sense of smell,
All in a world I love right well;
Morning or evening, moon or sun,
Days of the year till the year is run.



DAYS OF THE YEAR

The colors I love are as sands of the sea,
But these are a few that are dear to me:
The green of the moon as it climbs on high
At the end of the day through a lavender sky;
The cliffs of our canyon all ablaze
With copper and gold in the sun's last rays,
That turn to a shimmering pink the rills
In the wet, brown soil of our strawberry hills;
The pale ash-white of the dead, ghost pines,
The orange and amber of maple vines,
The purple of lupin—and back of all
The wonderful haze of a canyon wall.
The green of an old frog pond I love,
Glimpsing the blue from the sky above;
The flash that is flung from golden sheaves
And the amethyst glow of cabbage leaves;
The rustle of silver when poplars shake
And the myriad hues of a coiling snake.

The sounds that I love are as days in the year,
But these are a few that I joy to hear:
The song of the flume as it ceaselessly sings,
The whirr and the flutter of pheasants' wings;
The softly-voiced sigh that just barely tells half
Of the mother-cow's love for her newly born calf;



The peep of a chick as it pecks away
Through its shell-walled home to the light of
day;

The infinite peace of a tabby's purr,
The chunk of the ax driving home in the fir,
The split and the crackling, the deaf'ning sound
Of the echoing crash when it hits the ground.

The odours I love are as drops in a well,
But these are a few that I joy to smell:
The elders that bob at the turn of our lane,
The mint by the meadow-path after a rain;
The raspberries dangling red-ripe in the sun,
The flowers tame or wild, are a joy every one;
The incense of balsam, of new earth up-turned,
The smoke in the night-wind when pitch stumps
are burned.

Color and sound and sense of smell,
All in a world I love right well;
Morning or evening, moon or sun,
Days of the year till the year is run.



OBSERVATIONS

Last Sunday week when Brown's old mare
Got brain-storm near the church down there,
And broke three dozen new-laid eggs
And one of Mrs. Julia's legs,
And in a quite unconscious state
They laid her down before the grate
Of Brigg's Hotel,
Our Jim says: "Well—"
That is as soon as he had heard
The news of how the thing occurred,
"I don't remember havin' seen
A place where I'd a rather been
Unconscious in, than—well!
In Brigg's Hotel!"

When one of those big Whoop-mobiles
Came rippin' gulches with its wheels
Down 'round our lane and tried to scare
Our heifer calf a layin' there,
Which failin' in, they had to switch,
A landin' in a two-foot ditch,
Our Jim came saunterin' round that way
In time to hear the woman say:
"Of all outrageous things to be



Delayed by such stupidity;
For cattle to be lying there
Upon a public thoroughfare—
You ought to be ashamed.” Well Jim,
He let her splutter on at him,
Until he ’lowed the time was ripe
And she’d ’bout reached her exhaust pipe,
Then with a quiet sort of smile,
Though he was tryin’ hard the while
To keep from bustin’ in a laugh,
“Why don’t you tell that to the calf?”

Once when a specialist was sent
A lecturin’ for the government,
One night down there in Parkdale Hall,
In his deducin,’ he let fall
A statement how there had been found
Some wiggly germs beneath the ground,
So small, that if placed end to end,
’Twould take ten thousand to extend
One inch—“Perhaps!” says Jim when they
Were talkin’ ’bout the thing next day,
“But how the Heck with all their squirms,
They get ten thousand wiggly worms
As small as that, to hold right still
And stiff—and end to end until



They're measured up, well now I think,"
Says Jim, a handin' me the wink,
"That any man who'll swallow drool
Like that's a fool."



Old as is the child of man, equally old is the imaginary playmate, that marvelously adjustable companion of our youthful days. Play-fellow John was the constant chum for over two years of a real little boy who lived on the slopes of Mount Hood, a land where the waving pines are the masts of ships and all things else are built of the empty powder boxes which the woodsmen have left behind them.

PLAY-FELLOW JOHN

In a vine-covered cabin on top of our hill
Lives a dear little boy whom I know,
And his wonderland lies by the banks of a rill
Where the poppies and paint-brushes grow.
And his eyes are the blue of the lupin, new
blown,
And his face is the freshness of dawn,
As he plays all the hours of the day there
alone—
Except for his play-fellow John.

He's the captain today on a wonderful trip,
Is John, as they scud to the breeze,
While the little boy pilots the powder box ship
With John through the uncharted seas.
Tomorrow it's toot! and a loud choo-chi-choo!
For the engineer John, he is late,
As the China Hill Lightning Express whizzes
through



With its powder box cars full of freight.

And, oh, he's so brave that it's always all right
To go out with John anywhere—
He killed fifty-nine cougars and coyotes last
night

And one great, big, brown grizzly bear.
There are elephants there and crocodiles, too,
And, the bear-skin he hung on the wall,
And someday the boy with the two eyes of blue
And John will go after them all.

There are moments when John is just endlessly
old

And almost as high as a tree,
While the very next day you are like to be told
He's as young!—and just up to your knee!
Sometimes he is married and has a dear wife
With ninety-three children or more,
Then again he leads, oh—just the loneliest life,
In a hole 'neath the old cabin floor.

And there's never a mortal in all the whole land
Who has ever had one little view
Of the protean John or has taken his hand,
Save only the two eyes of blue.
And no other mortal has ever yet heard



The sound of his voice—only he
Who can conjure him back with a magical word
From the shores o' Wherever-he-be.

Still the play-fellow John I am sorry to say
Is to blame for a host of misdeeds;
It was John who tore holes in some stockings
today
As they trudged through the wet, tangled
weeds,
And when no one's around save the two eyes of
blue
And John, oh, look out for the cake!
For the things that poor John will occasionally
do
When he's hungry, would make your heart
ache.
But the play-fellow John is a royal good soul;
When you want him he's always right there,
And he'll captain your ship or he'll fight—why
the role
Never matters, for John doesn't care.
Oh, would that the friends of the long after-
days,
When the years of the poppies are gone,
Were as trusty and dear in a legion of ways
As the wonderful play-fellow John.



There is probably no quadruped so deservedly named as the pig. Other people may be pigs on occasion, but the quadruped pig is ever a pig. Strangely enough, the same instinct which prompts him to push everyone else aside so that he may be first at the trough, is the instinct which prompts him to snuggle closest to them when bed-time comes—the instinct of selfish, piggish comfort. When the sun has set and the air grows cold, you will see them sardine-wise, brood and brood in sizable groups, snoring their way into slumber-pig land. Obviously there must be one member of each group who sleeps next to the outside world. As the hours roll by in the chill of night, it starts to dawn on this particular pig that he is the goat. He rebels, tells the family that he'd like to get warm and this is where the trouble begins.

WHEN THE OUTSIDE PIG GETS COLD

When slumber shuts my wearied lids
And all the world's asnore,
When tribulations are at rest,
And sleep is mine once more,
'Tis then my soul is rudely hurled
From Dreamland towers of gold,
And the furies all seem let loose when
The outside pig gets cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, it's shift,
Move over, make more space,
And give some one who's nice and warm
The outside piggy's place.



It's shove and punch and squeal and howl,
But back into the fold
The outside pig must come because
The outside pig gets cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, good night!
For we've a hen-house, too,
Where irate cackles join one long
Crescendo cockledoo,
Which, swelling to a symphony
Upon the night unrolled,
The false dawn greets, and all because
The outside pig gets cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, cheer up!
For we've a barn out there,
Where thump and trample now denote
Two horses and a mare.
Again they stamp—you see 'tis just
Their way to curse and scold—
For which you'd hardly blame them when
The outside pig gets cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, there's still
Within the barn a cow
Who's not so neutral she can keep
Aloof in such a row.



So, gath'ring all her bovine breath,
The lady now makes bold
To give her mooly-mooly since
The outside pig is cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, of course
With all the rest agog,
'Twould seem most strange came there not forth
Some statement from our dog,
Who with reverberating howl
Of mournfulness untold,
Completes the anthem sent up when
The outside pig gets cold.

When the outside pig gets cold, 'tis not
For me to close my eyes
Till each performer's done his stunt
And all the chorus dies.
Then drowsily I fade away,
Content that no alarm
Will wrest me from my slumbers while
The outside pig keeps warm.



Many are the phases of the higher agriculture which seem to a neutral unfair in the extreme. Providence instills the spirit of preparedness into all her creatures. Man, the high-priest of the new code, pronounces disarmament, and every cow perforce becomes a pacifist. There is a de-horning of the innocents, the high-priest brings forth the caustic, and blood from the little stumps runs freely. Unfinished as a hornless cow may look, it should be remembered that neither she nor her Creator had anything to do with the matter whatsoever.

TOPSY CALF

Once Topsy our calf
Was only the half
Of the size that she's got to be now,
And you'd never have dreamed
From the way that she seemed
That she'd one day turn into a cow.
Her legs wobbled so
For she didn't yet know
The way you're intended to work 'em,
Which depends more or less
On the kind of a stress
That the joints are put to when you jerk 'em.

Yet it wasn't ten days
Till she found out more ways
Of hoppin' and skippin' and turnin',



Than she would have by rule
In a regular school
In ten years of diligent learnin'.
The rotary-rip
And the dip-run-and-skip
And the flip-flopsy-topsy-calf trot—
'Course some she just had
From her mother and dad,
But a lot she worked out on the spot.

'Twas lucky, Mom said,
She was born here instead
Of somewhere like China or worse,
Where a girl isn't worth
From the time of her birth,
Any more than her heathen dad's curse.
But I guess though her luck
Must have run quite amuck
Of a snag when her horns tried to sprout,
Which Dad he regarded
Should both be retarded
And not ever 'lowed to come out.
But Mom, she maintained
That horns was ordained
To grow up and follow their bent,
And that if molested
They'd not be arrested,



But would grow where they never was meant.
But Dad just the same
Stuck up for his claim
And got out his caustic and stuff,
And rubbed it 'round some
Where the horns was to come
Till he guessed that he'd rubbed 'bout enough.

So that's why I go
Out each mornin' to know
If the caustic affected the root,
And to see if perchance,
They've tried to advance
Up 'round through the roof of her snoot.
For think of how fierce
It would be should they pierce
Through her nose, and how awf'ly preposter-
ous,
If only the half
Of our Topsy was calf
And the rest of her roarin' rhinosterous.



THE LITTLE RUNT

Say what do you think, old Sophie our sow
Last Sunday turned into a mother,
With six little dandy fine daughters and just
One poor bantam runt of a brother.

And the runt he got tucked in a box by the stove
Where he kept up his delicate squealin',
While Mom told him stuff that Dad said was
guff
But by rights it was just mental healin'.

Which is makin' you think that you're sure goin'
to grow
Up into a fine pig or sow,
And no matter how sickly you're feelin' you'll
quickly
Be lots better than you are now.

But the treatment I guess somehow didn't take
Or it all was too good to believe it,
Or else he was maybe perhaps such a baby
His heart was too young to receive it.

So we toted him out in his poor little box
And you just could see part of his face,



And we buried him under the crab-apple tree,
That bein' the runtiest place.

And a daughter got trampled on late Friday
night,
Which when you subtract from the seven,
Leaves the mother just five of her folks still
alive
With a brother and sister in heaven.

So now we keep hopin' for poor Sophie's sake
That she'll suffer no more of fate's curses,
Which if they should come—well I'll try and
add some
More sad and appropriate verses.



OUR MOLLY COW

Next to our sow our Molly cow
Is the best round our vicinity.
Her pedigree is said to be
Of high-born bovinity.
In pastures green she's mostly seen,
Her fragrant mouth all grassy chewed,
Which mixed with mud she rolls to cud
In peace and listless lassitude.

At eventide with gentle stride
And mangerward proclivity,
She greets once more the old barn door
And scene of her nativity.
Six quarts at least comes from our beast
With swishing-sweet rapidity,
Each morn and night, a wondrous sight
Of pure lactile fluidity.

How kindly now of Molly cow,
Or is it altruistic all,
Her milk to give that man might live
And wax so eulogistical?
Not so I fear with Molly dear,
Nor is her heart so tropical,



To munch away the livelong day
From motives philanthropical.

She chews because 'tis nature's laws
Her tissues thus to fortify,
While any brute the least astute
Would rather live than mortify.
And can you guess the sore distress,
Discomfiture and jolly row,
If no one came to draw that same
Sweet, gushing milk from Molly cow?



OUR DOG

Next to our sow and cow I think
Our dog deserves the printer's ink.
He's mostly hound and wholly tan
And lives by getting what he can,
But as it takes most all in sight
For sow Sophia's appetite,
What's left remaining round about
Is scarce enough to give him gout.

Yet were a choosing mine, somehow
I'd rather be the dog than sow,
For when Sophia's turned to hide,
And ham and fat and bacon-side,
Our dog will still enjoy his share
Of grub and circumambient air,
At night he sleeps before the logs,
Which same's denied to cows and hogs.
Once in a while he bears a bone
Triumphantly away, alone.
(This he inters in hopes it may
Improve a bit when more passe).

Milk, butter, cheese he may not yield,
He can not haul nor plough a field;
He can not lay an egg, our dog,



Nor furnish bristles like a hog;
No produce yet of any sort
Have we derived from our dog Sport,
Which in the last analysis
Amounts in fine to simply this:
Materially, we must confess
Our canine's utter uselessness.
His value to a large extent
Is purely one of sentiment,
From which we glean no recompense
In pecks or quarts or pounds or cents,
But something which we all no doubt
Can better feel than talk about,
A something speechless, deep, that lies
Down there beneath those big brown eyes.

A something in the way he'll come
And sort of rub against you some,
Or settle on the hearth-stone there
Almost beneath your rocking-chair
And let you rub him from your seat
Just gently with your stocking feet.
Now and again he thumps his tail,
At times a yelp with long-drawn wail,
A subtle way he takes to tell
That natures of the best rebel



When folks are careless to the point
Or rocking on an elbow-joint.

And thus it is that day by day,
Our canine in his fool, dog way,
Awake maybe or p'raps asleep,
Without an effort earns his keep;
And in the same soft way I s'pose,
With which he rubs against your clothes,
He manages to sort of slide
Right up against your heart inside.
In fact the more you sift it out,
The more you find that round about
Our valley here, a purp just lives
With all his purp perogatives,
Collies, airedales, mongrels, hounds,
On mostly sentimental grounds.

Yet lest you think that I insist
On temperaments that don't exist
'Mongst folk who make no outward show
Of inner things, suppose you go
To Lone Bloke Ranch. Then look around,
Ask what became of the old hound—
The one the youngsters used to haul
'Round backwards by the tail, and maul;
With one game leg and just a fleck



Of white below his flabby neck—
The one they found one morning dead
Out in the snow behind the shed.

Why, up there very foot of ground
Seems yearning for that yellow hound.
No bark through all the livelong day,
No growl at night, nor deep, long bey—
He's not much mentioned since he went,
I guess you'd call it sentiment.



MY COUSIN'S HOUSE

My cousin's house has shiny floors
And slippery rugs and big glass doors,
And goldfishes with wobbly things
Hitched to their sides like angels' wings,
And paintings and big silver urns
And hanging baskets full of ferns,
And broad front stair-ways where you should
Step softly on the polished wood,
Just with your toes, and never go
Upon your heels—they dinge things so.

My cousin's house it has a blue
Nice outer room for breakfast, too,
And another bigger inner
Room that's used for lunch and dinner.
And, oh, the vegetables and meat—
You just could eat and eat and eat!
Although you don't, because you see
There's lots of things that won't agree,
Like cucumbers with milk and such,
Which youngsters' tums should never touch.

My cousin's house it also hath
A guest-room and a private bath,
With crimson carpets all so clean,



There's nothing dropped that isn't seen.
And when the window's raised at night,
See that the curtain's pinned back tight,
And when you get up, look about
And don't leave your pajamas out,
And turn the sheets and air the bed—
It's things like that show how you're bred.

My cousin's house is mighty swell
For visiting—but living! Well,
I somehow think I'd rather strike
A place that's not so perfect like,
Where folks can slam a little more
Or track some mud or bang the door,
Commencing, ending every day
More in an easy-going way.
I guess there's just one place like that—
Out where my Momsie Mother's at.



WHEN DAD GETS THE GRUMPS

When Dad gets the grumps I am always so
scared

And I try to think what I have done,
If it's something I did that I shouldn't, or if
I should have but haven't begun.

And I prick up my conscience to recollect
whether

I watered the Alderney cow,
Or day before yesterday was it, or when
That I pitched down the hay from the mow.

When Dad gets the grumps there is something
way down

Inside of me starts up a thumpin',
As I think of the carrots I should ought have
thinned

And wonder if that's why he's grumpin'.
And my sins of omission, they start poppin' up
Like spooks as I ransack my brain,
And remember the weeds in the beets and the
peas

And the saw I left out in the rain.

When Dad gets the grumps I am always so glad
It's the pigs that have rooted the clover,



Or the horses have broke the corral down once
more

And tramped the alfalfa all over.

To slump round for hours in the gloom of
Dad's grouch,

And then to once more draw your breath
When you find it ain't you is like bein' released
From a dead certain sentence of death.

When Dad gets the grumps if he'd just stick
up flags—

Like for pigs, well a green one would do,
With a white for the horses and maybe a black
One would suit well enough when it's you;
Instead of a glump, like a song without words,
With the soul of you mashed all out flat,
Unless perhaps maybe you're lucky enough
To find in some way where you're at.



CHORES

Of the chores I hate worst, guess the foremost
and first

Is to have to do strawberry pickin'.

Like a hot, scorchin' waffle your neck burns so
awful,

With the sweat-bugs all buzzin' and stickin',
And your back almost bustin' when up blows
the dust in

Your eyes and your ears and your nose 'an
Then you look at Mount Hood and just wish
that you could

Be there where it's snowy and frozen.

Still I'd rather pick berries than walk behind
Jerry's

Old haunches and just cultivate,
Where the sun's even hotter because you have
got ter

Move on at a specified rate,
Till you barely can drag through the dirt, and
the nag

In a cloud that's so thick you can't see,
Turns a corner kerplunk and snap-bang goes
the trunk

Of a nice little Gravenstien tree.



Still that's nothin' like to the picnic you strike
Washin' dishes and knives and forks till it's
'Bout time for the gruely, cold grease and the
drooly

Burned pie-pans and sauce-pans and skillets;
When up through the clatter, a swishin' hot
splatter

From the platter you've dropped calmly flies
And smathers the place in the top of your face
That was once occupied by your eyes.

I guess what I like 'bout the most is to hike
Off to some shady place where I'll be
Right there when I'm called yet stay where I'm
sprawled,

Hearin' them but them not hearin' me.
For who knows if uncurbed and the mind un-
disturbed,

You might start thinkin' things when a kid,
Which would be when worked out, just as useful
no doubt

As anything Edison did.



THE WAY TO BE GOOD

Now the way to be good, says my mother to me,
Is to not keep resolvin' too hard,
But watch a lot closer the ones that you've
made,
And just have your resolver on guard.
And when folks get you crazy, don't fly off
the bat,
THEN resolve that you won't any more,
But use all the strength that the new resolve
takes,
In the first place by not gettin' sore.

She says that folks' brains are constructed like
putty,
Which whenever they're struck with a
thought,
Get a sort of a slit or a dent where it hit
Whether anyone b'lieves it or not—
And that whether you're wicked or whether
you're good,
Or whether you're both, mostly hinges
On the number and kind of the thoughts that
struck in
To the places that's marked with the dinges.



She says that the human mind's just like a
house,

With Conscience the Porter-man who
Sits there by the door and only lets in

What thought-folks it pleases him to—
That he's just like a servant and if you don't
wish

Your house overrun with a mob
Of riffraff and hoodlums you'd better instruct
The Porter to tend to his job.

But its wonderful, ain't it, to think of all that
Goin' on up inside of your skull—

Yet it's awful-like, too, when it's all up to you,
And you feel so responsible
For the dinges you get and the Porter-man
there,

And the thought-folks you must entertain,
That sometimes do you know it just bothers me
so,

I'm sorry I've *got* any brain.



MY GROUCH

I like a good grouch when I get it,
Sea-deep and dark indigo blue,
If it wants to crawl round, why I let it,
Up and down me and all through and through.

I like a good grouch when it's grounded
On at least two or three things or more,
With which I can be well surrounded
And keep myself blame good and sore.

I like a good grouch when I've got it,
No chirpy cheer-up stuff for me,
It can be just as grouchy, dodrot it,
As ever it chooses to be.

I like a good grouch when there's in it
A something you know by the feel,
Isn't going to wear off in a minute,
A grouch that is steadfast and real.

I like a good grouch that'll grab me
And hold me in thrall like a vice,
And when *that* kind comes knocking to knab me,
You can bet it won't have to knock twice.



RHYMES AND LIMER RHYMES



THE DOODLEDOO

Chickens is a funny thing,
 'Speshlly a hen or rooster,
And don't do much of anything
 'Cept just what they've been used ter.

The fam'ly name is Doodledoo,
 Though diff'rin' in the prefex—
By addin' Cockle for the hes
 And Cackle for the she sex.

What's called a rooster doesn't roost
 One bit more than the hen does,
Hence hens deserve the rooster's name
 As much as rooster men does.

They're good to eat—the Doodledoos,
 All 'cept what's deleterious,
Like heads and feathers, feet and things,
 Which eatin' would make serious.

The Doodles is a peaceful race,
 Although they do delight in
Raisin' the mischief 'round the place
 And squabblin' some and fightin'.



GETTIN BORN

When once a chic busts through a egg
He gives three little squeals,
Then works out backwards through a hole
By kickin' with his heels.

Or maybe he'll keep peckin' 'round,
With now and then some cursin',
Until his head pokes through and then
Comes all his little person.

Or like as not he'll puff his chest,
A grunt and then some kickin'—
He's standin' there out in the air,
A promissory chicken.



THE SAW-FISH

The Saw-fish he, lives in the sea,
And saws out Iceberg Palaces;
He works all night by just the light
Of Rorie-Borie-Alices.

Also by day—'tis just his way
To show his perseverance,
For like a brick he's learned to stick
To jobs by long experience.



THE FISH

The Fish he is a submarine
In shiny coat of mail
And goes by wigglin' with his fins
And jerkin' with his tail.

They're always wet clean to the skins
Although they don't take cold,
Because the skins are water-proof
On both the young and old.



GOLDFISHES

Most every animal that grows
Is useful in some way I s'pose,
Like horses, chickens, pigs—well they
All earn their livin' in some way,
But goldfishes is made to give
People trouble while they live,
Needin' water just like plants,
Fresh each day for sustenance.
Then one he will go and die,
Sighin' first a little sigh,
Mosyin' round the place a while
With a half-dead sort of smile,
Tryin' all the time to keep
Right-side upward in the deep.
Findin' useless what he's tried,
He keels over on his side,
Lookin' downward with one eye
At the home he's bid good-bye;
Other looks up at the new
Happy land he's goin' to,
Where beside a golden strand
Swims a goldfish spirit band.
If he's done no wicked things,
Fins'll turn to angel wings,
Flyin' round and singin' hymns



With the goldfish cherubims.
So then when your fish you see
Lookin' dead as dead can be,
Don't be sorrowful because
They obey just nature's laws—
Happy now for evermore
By that shiny, golden shore.



The limerick "My Face" was first published in the Pittsburgh "Index" about '98, one of a series, and accompanied with a drawing of a bulldog. It was reprinted later in a small volume "The Smile on the Face of the Tiger" and afterwards in "The Home Book of Verse" published by Henry Holt. After his nomination for the presidency it was used on a number of occasions by Woodrow Wilson, at which time it found its way into numerous papers and periodicals throughout the country. After many vicissitudes and having been attributed to various sources, it is here given for the first time in some years under its rightful authorship.

MY FACE

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face, I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

THE CHIN

The chin it was made to give trouble,
Either pimples or dimples or stubble,
While some have the gall
To not grow at all,
While others come triple and double.



THE WAIST

An imaginary line is the waist
Which seldom stays long where it's placed,
But ambles and skips
'Twixt shoulders and hips
According to popular taste.

THE HAIR

The ways of the hair they are various,
Its career not a little precarious,
Oftimes we may note
One alone and remote—
Then again it may be quite gregarious.

THE NECK

To the head set on top like a cobble
The neck gives its rotary wobble.
Often fat, often thin,
Sometimes covered with skin,
It also assists us to gobble.



LONGEVITY

If I had a turtle's longevity
I'd wed some rich widow with brevity,
And when she had croaked,
And our souls were unyoked,
Live on with her wealth and my levity.

ECONOMY

If I had a billy-goat's tum,
I sure would economize some,
For I'd lunch on torn shirt,
With worn shoes for dessert,
And cut down my board bill, by gum!

AGILITY

If I had the legs of a flea,
No traffic would e'er hinder me,
For I'd just give one hop
Over people and cop
And light down where I wanted to be.



VEGETARIAN

When a bachelor maiden named Sarah Anne
Found a fly on her plate, she grew very an-
gry, said she, "Waiter,
Here's meat with ~~by~~ 'tater,
And I am a strict vegetarian!"

A LIMER-KICK

If there's one time in life when I mutiny,
'Tis under the head-waiter's scrutiny—
Whether watching my manners
In peeling bananas,
Or merely to see if I loot any.

FROM THE TURKISH

Before the Right Rev'rend McNast,
Lay a turkey who'd lived somewhat fast—
"Just to think" said the bird,
"After all that's occurred,
I'm to enter the Clergy at last!"



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 906 829 8